Miscellaneous Verse

C. E. LUND

MISCELLANEOUS VERSE

BY
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Introduction

These lines of mine are written here,
In rambling way, though quite sincere,
In hope that they may entertain,
And give much greater joy than pain.

If rhyme is bad and rhythm worse,
With accent poor and words unterse,
Next stanza will in every clause,
Reveal the underlying cause.

Aonian Muse came not to aid,
Olympus high in silence staid,
Genii lent not a single line:
No Fairy aided pen of mine.

But read or sing them as you can,
And even try the lines to scan;
Regard them as you wish or will,
Approve the good, eschew the ill.

THE AUTHOR

Sackville, N. B.
Nov. 1st, 1912.

ERRATA

Page 26, line 25, *for* "and" *read* "my."
Page 41, line 3, *for* "lake" *read* "like."
Page 43, line 3, *for* "moved" *read* "mowed."
Page 57, line 15, *for* "last" *read* "lost."
Page 72, line 31, *for* "as" *read* "or."
Page 91, *for* "Aurela" *read* "Aurelia."
Page 23, line 11, " "converged"

The Huntsman

In early autumn bright and clear,
My custom is, from year to year,
To spend a week in camping out,
And hunt for moose and fish for trout.

Although the hunting ground is far,
Yet I can take a motor car,
Or even in a boat may sail,
Until I reach the haunted trail.

But thence in haste, upon my back,
I quickly place my hunting pack,
And through the woods my way I take,
And travel miles to reach the lake.

To build a camp does not take long ;
Though I'm alone, my arm is strong,
My ax is sharp, experience rare —
A hunter's life is free from care.

A few small leaning poles I place
Athwart a dry and level space ;
With roof and bed of boughs of fir :
I there can sleep and never stir.

The scene is most enchanting here,
The placid lake's bright waters clear,
The giant spruce and mammoth pine
Reflect a view almost divine.

For two whole days I stroll about,
Looking for game or fishing trout ;
But when the third is near night-fall,
I hear an antlered monarch call.

In quick response my horn I sound,
And soon the wooded knolls resound —
Like echo through the forest still,
Comes answer from the distant hill.

The dying breath of sighing breeze
But faintly rustles autumn leaves,
While evening shades of waning light
Are darkening into coming night.

The wily buck comes on amain
Till near the edge of open plain,
When suddenly he slackens gait,
And hunter I, in silence wait.

With instinct keen, the moose now stood,
Concealed by clump of hazel wood,
Dilated nostril, eye and ear
Alert to guard from danger near.

The silver moon's bright beaming face,
Sheds borrowed sunlight o'er the place,
While myriad stars with paler lights
Shine forth from dim and dizzy heights.

Assuring call upon my horn,
The wary moose puts fear to scorn,
And marches out in splendid view,
While I take aim as marksman true.

The bullet strikes behind the ear,
And to the brain its way does tear :
I hasten from my hiding place,
And view this trophy of the chase.

Unaided by camp help or guide,
I now remove the reeking hide,
Hang up the quarters on a tree,
And draw the veil 'twixt you and me.

The Forest

So stately grand, so broad and deep,
Into thy boundless depths I peep ;
Reveal, O Forest, now to me,
Thy fulness vast in herd and tree.

A great inheritance thou art :
From out the fulness of thine heart
Thou hast bestowed upon our race
Rich trophies, in thy wood and chase.

Thy mountain slopes so broad and steep,
With valleys wide and rivers deep,
And waterfall's stupendous power
Proclaim thy greatness every hour.

Thy cedar, pine and spruce and fir,
Beech, ash and birch, with leaves astir,
Hemlock and maple, elm and oak,
A tribute to thyself evoke.

And hackmatack, of grand design,
Whose leaning top's unerring sign
Directs the course of traveller lost,
In summer heat or winter frost.

Thy flowers, ferns and leafy moss,
Their verdant heads, elf-like, they toss :
Thine odors sweet from petals rare,
Thy grandeur is without compare.

Thou dost surround, sustain, protect
Expansive lakes, which thee reflect :
From thy large depths comes costly wood ;
From thy vast herds come fur and food.

Thine awing stillness, so sublime,
Is broken up from time to time
By varied sounds from far and near,
That fall upon the woodsman's ear.

The blaring call of lowing moose ;
Perchance, the honk of passing goose ;
The hoot of owl, the song of birds
And softly falling hoofs of herds

The distant roar of cataract high,
The moaning wind's responsive sigh,
And brooklet's ever-murmuring song,
All join, their chorus to prolong.

Such other sounds oft fill thy vales,
And mountain slopes and hills and dales,
As, drumming partridge, droning bees,
Or creaking of two chafing trees.

A numerous progeny is there,
In den and cave and nest or lair,
Whose threatening growl or plaintive call,
The timid traveller may appall.

The howling wolf and yelping fox,
With lucifee in furry socks,
And myriad others, great and small,
Lift up their voices' varied call.

Thou hast a charm, a beauty seen
In swaying branch of waving green,
In grassy mead and bubbling spring,
As they to me their tribute bring.

In shaded nooks, on wooded knolls,
Where stealthy huntsman often strolls ;
Or open vistas, seen afar,
As mammoth portals left ajar.

In rushing brook and gurgling rill,
And dim outline of distant hill ;
In tiny sprig and giant tree —
A thousand scenic charms I see.

The trembling leaves of many forms,
That shade and shelter from the storms :
Their changing hues of green and gold,
Reveal new beauties manifold.

Thine ancient trails and tangled maze,
With garlands fair arrest my gaze ;
Cool leafy bank and mossy dell,
Unite thy pleasing charms to tell.

Thou source of ever-flowing streams ;
Thy underlying mineral seams,
And wealth in wood and water-power,
Great benefactions on us shower.

Infinitude of fronds and leaves ;
Richer than prairies' garnered sheaves ;
Or, in autumnal tints arrayed,
More beautiful than pearls displayed.

Such treasures thou for us doth hold ;
May we assert our manhood bold,
Protect from fire thy verdant tracts,
And guard thee from the wanton axe.

If that be done, as well it can,
Thou wilt remain for use of man,
Abiding source of golden health,—
Perpetual legacy of wealth.

If They Would

If thoughtless men would learn to think,
And topers all would quit the drink ;
If rogues to honest men were changed,
And friendships here no more estranged ;
If gossips' tongues would cease to wag,
And miser open money bag ;
If lying lips the truth would tell,
How soon would sound the silver bell,
Proclaiming in its sweetest chime
The peace of God in every clime.

A Legend

THE hamlet lay between the hills,
All clad in richest green ;
The cottages among the trees,
Suburban like were seen.

Productive farms in beauty lay
Along the winding roads ;
Their ripened harvest garnered in
By wains' o'erhanging loads.

The habitants, by industry
And constant frugal care,
Abounding fullness had in store —
Abundance and to spare.

Contentment filled the lives of all,
As heard in gladsome songs ;
A social intercourse abounds,
Not found in cities' throngs.

From time to time at eventide,
With mirth and pleasure gay,
The youth and beauty would concourse,
In dance and song and play.

The brawny lad and blushing maid
Would look askance and smile,
While thoughts of coming days would oft
Their present lives beguile.

Thus Johnny Strong of twenty five,
A bold and manly youth,
Revealed his thoughts to Marie Belle,
In words of earnest truth.

No sound was uttered in reply,
Her eyes the voice would save ;
While crimson cheek and throbbing heart,
A triple answer gave.

Thus many hearts entwined themselves,
And learned to beat as one ;
Anticipating future bliss,
As thousands more have done.

As darkest hour 'tis sometimes said,
Is just before the dawn ;
So brightest lives are darkened sore,
At future's veil withdrawn.

The sound of war and sanguine strife
Are echoed on the air,
Which thrilled the blood or paled the cheek
Of men or maiden fair.

Invading foe has made descent,
And landed on our shore :
The cry resouuds for volunteers —
A thousand score and more.

Among the first to shoulder arms
Was Johnnie Strong the brave,
Whose strength of limb and courage bold,
Their country's homes would save.

At sound of bugle, drum and horn,
They march to meet the foe :
To wives and sweethearts left behind,
'Twas bitterness and woe.

The days of weary marching long,
No timid fear alarms :
But eager each to face the foe —
At night they lay in arms.

No braver force of veterans trained
Had ever marched afield ;
No wavering ranks among them seen,
And none to fear would yield.

Among the bravest of the brave,
In combat fierce and long,
A soldier of the Lion Heart —
Was hero Johnnie Strong.

No fear had he of booming guns,
Or bullets whistling by ;
Nor yet the swiftly flying shells,
That make the hoarser cry.

In hand to hand engagements hot,
While comrades fell around,
'Mid clang of steel and dying groans,
John firmly held his ground.

Through campaign long and goary oft,
Nine battles fierce were fought ;
Eight victories lay on Johnnie's side,
Though each with blood was bought.

The foe had fled on every side,
The soldiers now would rest ;
Alas ! A flying missile struck
Brave Johnnie in the breast.

A ghastly wound was opened wide,
His blood was flowing fast,
Appalled beholders well might fear
Each breath would be the last.

In tender haste he now was borne
To cleanly Red Cross tent,
Where surgeon's skill and nurse's care,
Unstintingly were bent.

Delirium long his suffering staid,
And fever held him fast ;
Despair had often banished hope,
But reason came at last.

When Johnnie fain would see the nurse,
Who thus had watched him long ;
There stood before enraptured gaze
Marie, so brave and strong.

Who from the first, upon the field,
Had come at duty's call ;
A Florence Nightingale indeed,
No suffering could appall.

With skilful hand and loving care
She soothed the soldiers' pain,
And helped them bear their suffering sad,
Or former strength regain.

Brave General Strong in later years,
With true delight would tell,
How Marie, from the brink of death,
Had made him strong and well.

The Old Homestead

As I pass by the old homestead,
And see the fields before me spread ;
The house and barns and sheds and wells,
My heart with deep emotion swells.

I think of boyhood's passing day,
And those who now have gone away ;
Of father, mother, brothers dead,
And others living there instead.

How they in struggling work and care,
Each others' trials helped to share ;
They lived a life of honest toil,
Maintained a home and tilled the soil.

The trees were felled and piled and burned,
And thus a livelihood was earned ;
Industrious use of plow and hoe,
Prepared the fields to plant and sow.

To build a house, erect a barn,
And clear a large productive farm,
To rear a dozen boys and girls,
Bestrewed the path with perils and pearls.

With team afield at early morn,
The welcome call of dinner horn,
The noon-tide rest, the setting sun —
A daily round of toil is run.

As seasons came and seasons went,
The crops were garnered, amid scent
Of clover-hay and honey bees,
And apples ripening on the trees.

The back-lands, rich in spruce and pine,
The sheep and lambs, the grunting swine,
The berry plain, the beavers' dam,
And babbling brook that through it ran.

The tinkling bell of grazing cow —
Methinks I hear its echo now;
The prancing colt, the growing herd,
And cheering notes of singing bird.

The gabbling geese, the rooster's crow,
The running streams' slow gurgling flow,
The waddling duck's hoarse wheezing quack,
Distinctly call my memory back.

I think of mill and pond and logs,
The speckled trout, the croaking frogs,
The scow, the raft and swimming bouts
In youthful glee and laughing shouts.

And many other sights and sounds,
With which the rural life abounds
Break in upon my mind and heart,
And bid me stay and not depart.

How changed the scene as now I gaze:
I look in wonder and amaze;
No fragrance now around is shed;
The life, the home, the cheer have fled.

The Parting

Two boys stood near a bar room door,
And gazed upon the well-worn floor,
Said John — "I'm going right away,
This is no place for me to stay."

"While father lived, he often came,
And spent a wretched life of shame;
He drank, and gave his hard-earned cash,
For cunning whiskey vendor's trash."

"When mother died he was away,
And at this horrid place did stay;
He did not seem to know or care,
The house was cold, the pantry bare.

"Though I was only ten years old,
I promised mother to be bold,
And never touch the drunkard's dram,
Which soul and body both would damn."

"Now come with me direct away:
I often heard my mother say,
'If the first glass you can resist,
You'll not be on the drunkard's list.'"

"Well John, said Bill, I've heard your tale,
And wonder not you look so pale;
But let's go in and have one drink,
'Twill change your cheeks to rosy pink."

To this appeal John gave no heed,
His manly courage shone indeed:
Now Bill I care not what you think,
My vow is made, I'll never drink."

John hastened from the open door,
While Bill stepped in upon the floor:
He paid a dime and took a drink,
Which led the way to hades' brink.

. . . . . .

Full twenty years have passed away,
Since that decisive trysting day ;
Bill drinks and tramps and loafs and swears :
The mark of Cain he truly bears.

No friends, no home — a wreck indeed :
With him debauch has gone to seed —
A stain, a blotch, a cankered sore ;
Vile whiskey's product to the core.

While Bill sank down in sin and shame,
John slowly rose to honored fame;
And now he stands among the great,
A worthy ruler in the State.

Happy the man, the boy, the youth,
Who can declare in very truth,
He never did nor never will,
Begin the course of drunkard Bill.

The better way for you and me,
Is from iniquity to flee;
If we pursue the upward way,
No power can lead our lives astray.

Impossibilities

To do one's best and not take pains,
  Has never yet been tried ;
If any claims he ever did,
  He surely must have lied.

Time's golden opportunities,
  When once they have been lost ;
Can never more be found again,
  No matter what the cost.

The Old School House

My memory goes back apace,
Full fifty years and more ;
As now distinctly I recall
The school house on the moor.

The outside finish of that house,
Was done in native wood,
By logging up from floor to roof,
In style and manner good.

That antiquated building erst
Was modern in its day ;
Its well worn roof, with stove pipe flue,
Assumed the natural gray.

Inside, compared with present time,
Was not a work of art ;
For time's decay and knives in play,
Both, well had done their part.

Two desks were fastened to the walls,
Along each side the room ;
On backless benches, facing these,
We sat from morn till noon.

These seats so far above the floor,
Our feet would hang and swing ;
" The school's dismissed " announced its close,
No bell had we to ring.

Two other benches crossed the room ;
Sometimes we'd sit on these,
And read our lessons, do our " sums,"
Or nearest seat-mate tease.

The teacher's desk stood at the end ;
Its legs were long and bare :
He stood behind and called the roll,
Because he had no chair.

The rusty stove, so square and strong,
Adorned the centre aisle:
The big boys chopped and split the wood;
The small ones helped to pile.

The lessons mostly I forget,
But still retain the songs;
"The Old Grey Goose," and "Home Sweet Home;"
At pitch of tuning prongs.

One story too I now recall:
He told that when a lad
At home, in far off Halifax,
He saw, with heart so sad,

The dead upon the Chesapeak,
And on the Shannon too;
As in the harbor they were brought,
By Broke's victorious crew.

Sometimes, at noon, on pleasure bent,
He took us fishing trout;
But made up all the time we lost;
So late was school let out.

One day in June, we all agog,
Looked for Inspector's chaise;
The teacher took his shaving kit,
And lathered up his face.

But suddenly Duval drove up;
It made us laugh and cough;
How teacher caught the towel up,
And wiped that lather off.

An incident I call to mind,
And how it happened too;
A lad went down in spelling class,
From head to number two.

Thrown off his guard by this mishap,
He dropped to number three,
Which caused unbidden tears to flow,
As all could plainly see.

Good luck smiled on him once again,
For quickly he regained
His former place as number one,
And tears were then restrained.

Three R's were taught with emphasis,
Dilworth and Lennie's rules:
Greenleaf and Leach and Swan and Morse,
Were found in by-gone schools.

But that old house has passed away;
Instead another stands:
The old time teachers too have gone;
The work's in other hands.

Great honor to the men who kept,
The village district school:
They boarded 'round from house to house,
And taught the golden rule.

The Sun

TRANSCENDENT sphere of glory bright,
With splendor yet untold,
Thy beauty, power and grand design
Show wisdom manifold.

Creation's early morning dawn
First saw thee pendant hang,
E'er planets in their orbits ran
Or stars of morning sang.

In streams of light, thou dost reflect
The great Creator's face,
Whose word from darkness called thee forth,
Time's early morn to grace.

Encircling orbs around thee glide,
Thus marking solar time,
Pursuing each its endless course —
A galaxy sublime.

Earth's burning cauldron's fiercest flames
Are dim before thy glare,
Ten thousand smelting furnaces
As nought with thee compare.

Revolving planets in their flight
Receive their light from thee;
The pale-faced moon that rules the night,
Transmits sunlight to me.

Enthroned amid surrounding worlds,
A glorious mission thine,—
To scatter light and heat abroad,
And evermore to shine.

To guide celestial spheres along,
And hold their balance true;
To chase the darkness from the night,
And dawn of morn renew.

To kiss the petals of the rose
And cause a crimson blush;
To dress the opening buds of spring
In robes of silken plush.

To dissipate the rain and fog,
And tint the fields anew;
To change the hue of summer bloom,
And autumn fruits bestrew.

To crimson all the western sky,
In pictures truly gay;
Then draw the veil of night around,
And terminate the day.

Thou dost produce in seven hues
The rainbow's crescent arch:
In early spring thou callest forth
The tassels of the larch.

High noontide's torrid burning sun,
With double-piercing ray,
Has blacked the Etheopian's skin,
And bronzed the dark Malay.

Whence came such luminary great,
And what dost thee sustain?
In measured time what is thine age,
Wilt thou yet long remain?

Thou burning flame of radiant heat,
Suspended all alone,
How came thee thus to occupy
Thy high and burning throne?

Did nebulae in space diffused,
Unto each other run—
Enormous masses thus conveyed
Produce the mighty sun?

And can the sun for ages shine,
And yet remain the same?
Will not thy constant burning glare
Deteriorate thy flame?

When time has run its lengthened course,
And pales with age thy face;
Farewell to present forms of life,
To greet immortal race,

Where neither sun nor waning moon,
Nor night is ever found;
But all is light and life and love,
In glory's endless round.

Could we but imitate thy way
Diffusing light and joy
Our lives to all around would be
As gold without alloy.

As We See It

THE boy who disregards the truth,
Will soon or later fall;
And he who violates one law,
Will soon despise them all.

The Brook

ANCIENT my lineage and name ;
My mother from the great sea came ;
The sun from there had called her forth,
And austral breezes wooed her north.

My life began in mossy swale,
That lies below the cedar dale ;
But I was then so very small,
I could not turn or move at all.

As soon as I could form a bed,
Towards the sea I turned my head,
And then began to run away
To visit her without delay.

Although the journey was so long,
I cheered myself with babbling song,
And running through the tangled maze,
Pursued my devious winding ways.

My length extending, I grew long :
My strength increased till I was strong :
By gravity my way was led,
And from the rain-clouds I was fed.

With bend, and turn, and curving crooks,
Thus imitating other brooks ;
I forged my way with all my might,
And travelled on both day and night.

My course was interrupted twice,
And I was held as in a vice ;
The beavers' dam cut off my flow,
And dried my bed far down below.

Obstructions oft my way impede,
And all my energy I need,
To force my way through tangled brush,
With steady, strong, determined rush.

But hark! I hear a murmuring sound;
Another brook I've surely found,
That started out from bubbling spring,
When I was but a little thing.

I now begin to dread my fate,
For he has grown so much of late —
I see him coming very near;
He wants my bed I truly fear.

Advancing slowly, on we go,
Both gently swerving to and fro,
Until we meet in cold embrace,
Determined each to win the race.

The struggle was most fierce and long;
The stronger striving with the strong:
But in the end, so runs the tale,
The victory lay with brook from swale.

The contest over, all undone,
Both currents now unite in one;
Together onward hence we dash,
With merry ripple, wave and splash.

Thus oft a smaller brook and rill,
Unite and help my banks to fill;
And sometimes now my way I take,
Through fishing pool and shallow lake.

I run along from day to day,
While tiny skippers on me play;
In eager search for lower ground,
As, serpent like, I curve around.

When weather's hot and heather's dry,
And there's no rain-cloud in the sky,
I slake the thirst of moose and deer,
That seek me out from far and near.

With deepening pool, like earthern tank,
O'erhanging bush, and mossy bank,
With widening bed and changing flow,
And mirrored foliage I go.

I hurry on with purling sound,
And scurry down descending ground ;
I run and leap or go in falls,
And echo back in smothered calls.

In freshet time my banks I tear,
And even solid rock I wear ;
But then again I run as slow,
As truant boy to school might go.

No rest in slumber I e'er take,
Except while passing through the lake ;
And even then I always dream,
Till I'm again a running stream.

But now my flow men interrupt,
And my clear waters, too, corrupt,
By dam and mill for grain and logs,
Whose refuse oft my channel clogs.

Below the mill from bank to bank,
Is highway bridge of trestled plank ;
And lower down, from shore to shore,
Athwart the stream are seven more.

I am the home of agile trout,
While grilse and salmon lie about ;
They occupy the deepest pools,
Or onward move in running schools.

Incoming streams increase and flow ;
I hurry on to forks below ;
But now the name of " brook " departs,
And here the running river starts.

In swelling pride I overflow,
Submerging all the meadows low ;
But then anon increase my pace,
As if competing in a race.

In swirling eddies I am found,
As mountain base I curve around ;
Reflected objects, seen immersed,
Are in my waters shown reversed.

Majestically I sweep along,
As sailing boats my surface throng ;
And soon again my bosom heaves,
As larger craft my water cleaves.

Still farther down I meet the tide,
And backwards now my waters glide
But soon anon I ebb away,
And reach a far extending bay.

As giant drains a tiny cup,
I now am quickly swallowed up,
Until again I start for swale,
Transported thence by sun and gale.

The Brevity of Life

How short the span of human life,—
Across the stream of time,
Succeeding stages quickly pass :
A tragedy sublime.

Childhood's bright morning dawn of life —
Brief transitory ray —
No spell can charm its fleeting wings,
No power can make it stay.

Youth's transient dream advances fast,
With gaily pleasures fraught ;
Though school days claim the passing time
Much will remain untaught.

Young manhood, eager, prodigal,
Impatient at delay,
Steps out upon the stage of time,
Then lapses quick away.

Maturer life may longer wait ;
But even at its best,
Succeeding years each other chase,
Obeying Time's behest.

Declining years then press their claim,
And drag us slowly down ;
No respite knows the hand of time,
Each decade wears a frown.

Old age comes feebly on the scene,
With retrospective glance ;
Looks out across the great divide,
Unable to advance.

The beckoning hand of Reaper Grim,
Permits no further stay ;
Thrusts in the sickle sharp and dread,
And hastens us away.

Influence

As sure as cats from kittens grow,
And seeds of flax produce the tow ;
As growing branches downward bend,
So whist and bridge in gambling end.

If reapers garner as they sow,
In future as in long ago,
Then mothers who at cards are found,
Will see their sons in vices bound.

When ladies' spend their precious time,
In games their mothers thought a crime ;
As flowers fade away in fruit,
So boys and girls will follow suit.

It's not a truly noble sound,
Though it's been echoed round and round,
That Mrs. Blank felt much surprise,
To carry off the booby prize.

As mothers spend the afternoon,
Remaining till the rise of moon,
Why not their sons so spend the night,
Returning home at dawn of light ?

A double shame on all who think,
At glaring sin, can parents wink ;
The young will learn without delay,
The games they know their mothers play.

There surely must be better ways,
To spend our swiftly fleeting days ;
If not, then why not change the name,
And speak of " Legion " as the game ?

Now Mothers, hear without offence,
I make appeal to common sense ;
If sons and daughters go astray,
Pray lead them not the gamblers' way.

The Clergyman

OF all the workmen high or low,
Among the sons of man ;
The greatest that we see or know,
Is the good clergyman.

He goes among the people all,
In sickness and in health ;
He warns them of the baneful fall,
Nor sighs for fame nor wealth.

When trials come and cares increase,
He hastens to our side ;
Then at his presence, sorrows cease,
As ebbs the flowing tide.

On Sunday, from the sacred desk,
He pleads with earnest tone,
That all may seek the promised rest,
And lose their hearts of stone.

Again he reasons with his flock,
Of judgment soon to come :
He gives no shilly shally talk,
But Deifies the Son.

He warns against the common sin,
Of dancing, drink, and cards,
That damn alike the soul within,
And steal our body guards.

When thus he helps our double life,
Of now and yet to come,
And aids us banish sin and strife,
Our heaven is here begun.

He cares not he, for cloth nor creed ;
But visits most the poor ;
And aids them in their greatest need,
As Jesus did before.

Long may the sacred preacher live,
To tell the Saviour's love ;
And when he has no more to give —
Receive, "well done" above.

The Whiskey Craft

DEGRADING craft that blights our race,
And leads to ruin and disgrace ;
A demon vile, destroying lives,
And causing broken-hearted wives.

It finds its victims everywhere ;
Behold them now, lo, here ! lo, there !
The youth just starting down the way,
The middle aged, the toper gray.

All men who drink may not be fools :
All those who sell may not be ghouls :
But fools or ghouls or even worse,
Thousands are ruined by the curse.

For profit and for that alone,
Fond mothers' hearts are made to moan,
Wives go in sorrow to their graves,
Whose husbands are the traffic's slaves.

The whiskey-vendor's greed of gold,
Is cause of murders manifold ;
And fills the world with anguish deep,
As orphans cry and widows weep.

The trade produces naught but ill ;
Its baneful sway our prisons fill :
Delirium tremens, death and hell,
Are ripened fruits of all who sell.

Weak men are lured to spend their cash,
For vilest drink, debasing trash,
Good homes are robbed of all that's dear,
And love gives place to abject fear.

Designing schemes as base decoys,
Are often used to tempt the boys
To go the way that seals their doom,
Behind the bars in prison gloom.

Its deeds are known both far and wide,
As onward flows its baleful tide :
No useful trade brings men so low,
And none from which such evils flow.

Inhuman acts of homicide,
Sad cases oft of suicide ;
Destroyed homes and wasted lives,
Are products of the whiskey dives.

Steamships go down beneath the tide,
And swiftly running trains collide,
When men to whom the liquor's sold
The tiller and the lever hold.

Despair and anguish, crime and ill
The wretched haunts of vice may fill ;
But banish whiskey, rum and gin,
And better days will then begin.

True men arise ! as one, unite,
Death-dealing blow this monster smite :
Go terminate the demon's rage,
And usher in the golden age.

What Would Betide

ONE day, in sweet forgetfulness,
I put my cares aside ;
In mood of pleasant wantonness,
And thought, what would betide
If all unkind deceitfulness
Was banished far and wide ?

And in its stead, true loveliness
Of character sublime,
Would occupy our thoughtfulness,
And make our lives divine :
With what sincere unselfishness
Would life and love entwine.

All business done in righteousness ;
How great the change would be :
No sham nor base pretentiousness
On part of you or me :
Refined abodes of blessedness
On every side we'd see.

With hearts so full of thankfulness,
That they could hold no more ;
With acts replete with carefulness,
We'd make a higher score,
And live a life of prayerfulness,
As never done before.

With sympathy and watchfulness
For opportunities,
To daily aim at usefulness
In suffering and disease,
Devising means of helpfulness
From sorrow to release.

No braggart sound of boastfulness
Would fall upon our ears ;
No act of mean untowardness

Arouse our timid fears;
But fruits of truest nobleness
Would fill the passing years.

With kindly deeds of blessedness,
Relieving every ill,
While pleasant words of truthfulness,
Each utterance would fill:
All duties done in faithfulness,
With good and honest will.

No morbid dread nor fearfulness
That others lead us wrong:
No sordid cause of tearfulness
The sons of men among:
With thoughts of happy cheerfulness
We terminate the song.

The Saw Mill

BESIDE the brook at foot of hill,
Long years ago they built the mill;
Erected dam both high and wide,
With flume, and gates to lift or slide.

The pond extended up the stream;
The timber hauled on bunk and beam:
Was piled, in winter on the ice,
And boomed around with joint and splice.

Though brows were made upon the bank,
The unpeeled hardwood often sank,
When at the freshet time they drove,
Through deeper waters of the cove.

The haul-up wheel pulled all the logs,
Right up the slip with chain and dogs;
Then sawing, trimming, rossing, all,
Went on both early spring and fall.

The sash and pitman, crank and wheel,
With shaft and lever, saws of steel,
Carriage and roller, belt and drum,
All run and rattle, buzz or hum.

Assorted lumber in the yard,
Was piled up high by labor hard;
Oft working all the livelong night,
And changing crews at dawn of light.

Alas! how changed the scene is now;
No mill is there, nor dam nor brow:
The pond has gone far out to sea,
And naught remains but memory.

Home

UNLESS we roam from place to place,
As vagrants, void of loving care;
There is for each a sacred spot,
A home where joy and peace we share.

Though it be humble, poor and mean,
And even pinching want be there;
Yet gleams of happiness we find,
That sweeten all our toil and care.

Where e'er we wander, far or near,
That peaceful place we ne'er forget;
But think of home, and loved ones there;
Visions of home our minds beset.

Home may be rich in treasures rare,
Yet poor in things of value more;
And homes, though small and plain and poor,
Have riches in abundant store.

O blissful spot! thou art to me,
A haven of rest, a treasure of love,
A paradise of sacred joy,
A boon behest of heaven above.

O, joyous home! my heart's delight,
A solace for the weary mind;
Such hallowed comforts here we share,
As no where else on earth we find.

The Teacher

THE teacher who long years has taught,
And found the work with pleasure fraught
Cannot forget the true delight,
That comes from helping pupils bright.

Responsibility we share
With parents in their daily care,
Whose boys and girls to us they send,
That we a helping hand may lend.

They come from homes of varied kinds,
With trusting, open, plastic minds,
As easy shaped in either way,
As moulding sand or modeling clay.

Each influenced for right or wrong,
By even singing of a song;
How careful must the teacher be
To guard them from impurity.

Surroundings pleasant, teacher kind,
Has great effect upon the mind;
And will promote our purpose more,
Than scolding threats and straps galore.

Whenever teachers love the work,
The children seldom try to shirk,
But all unite in pleasant way,
And do their best from day to day.

Not all the pupils will be good,
As varied mind, so varied mood,
Great patience every teacher needs:
A doer of heroic deeds.

Though we may train to read and spell,
And do all other work as well ;
The teacher ever fails in part,
Who does not train the pupil's heart.

A double purpose is our aim,
That now the youth we may reclaim ;
Prevent the growth and spread of weeds,
By leading on to worthy deeds.

Much honor to the pupil bright
Who ever tries to do the right ;
More honor to the teachers rare
Whose life of love the children share.

Now how can we this union blend—
To proper discipline attend,
Maintain control of every one,
And do the work that must be done ?

Strong character, revealed in mein ;
Deep interest plainly to be seen ;
High purpose beaming in the face ;
To such a union, all may trace.

Words of Greater Men

To read the words of greater men,
And think their thoughts anew,
Will help the slowest toiler here,
His better self renew.

To hear the words of greater men,
And know that they are true,
Will aid us in the way of life,
And higher aims imbue.

Observation

My observation undeterred,
A double purpose has conferred,
In seeing people, not a few,
And learning lessons old and new.

For one square foot some men will fight;
For sake of gain turn day to night:
Regardless who their wealth may spend,
Most men will strive till comes the end.

There lived a man, though growing old,
Who lugged and tugged in heat and cold,
So that his wealth might be increased,
Before he sickened and deceased.

He toiled all day and late at night,
And strove and drove with all his might,
That thus his bank account might grow,
And some more acres he could mow.

His raiment, much the worse for wear,
Was showing many a patch and tear;
He never took a holiday,
Because, forsooth, it would not pay.

He thus went on from year to year,
And gathered in from far and near,
Until with woodlands, barns and fields,
Abundant wealth his income yields.

He worked and saved, I heard him say,
Preparing for a rainy day;
And that provision might be made,
For Ben and Tom and Jane and Sade.

At last his health was undermined,
And to his bed he was confined,
Which made him gloomy, sad and sore:
Though wealthy, yet he wanted more.

The end soon came, his life was o'er,
And he was carried from his door ;
His savings then his heirs divide,
As will and codicil provide.

They then resolved to live at ease,
And spend their time as fancy please ;
But found to their sad grief and shame,
Riches and wealth are not the same.

Despite their money in the bank,
With uncouth ways and minds so blank ;
Uncultured they, in speech and art,
Had nought to brighten home and heart.

How vain their wealth against such odds ;
But fools take money for their gods :
'Tis best to work and save and pay,
And sometimes take a holiday.

Now do not me misunderstand,
I hold to you my toil-worn hand ;
For every one who works and saves,
Deserves much honor, love and praise.

But there are better things than wealth —
Contentment, culture, love and health :
Such treasures money cannot buy,
Though some would even vainly try.

Industry

THE constant plodder will succeed,
Though he be dull and slow ;
True industry will gain reward,
Where sloth can never go.

Industry in boyhood days,
Frugality in youth,
Are stepping stones in later life
To competence, in truth.

Why Do Men Smoke

WHY do men smoke, and does it pay?
Are questions we would ask to-day:
An answer true we fain would hear:
If no returns to them appear,
Then why such wilful, wanton waste,
To gratify a morbid taste?

A farmer chanced one summer day,
To smoke while stowing in his hay;
But soon in shamed chagrin he found
His barn was burning to the ground;
In saddened tones we heard him say,
"I'll smoke no more, it does not pay."

A miner thought, a pleasant joke
'Twould be for him to have a smoke:
In swift response, explosion came;
He did not live to bear the shame,
Nor see his orphan children cry,
Nor hear their widowed mother sigh.

A sample smoker's reckless haste,
Some ashes drop among the waste;
But soon, alas! the flame is spread,
A devastation blank and dread —
The town in desolation lost:
If smoking pays, who counts the cost?

Cigarette stump from smoker's hand
Became a literal firebrand,
Ignited heather on the hill
In rear of mammoth lumber mill;
Both mill and stock completely lost —
If smoking pays who pays the cost?

A youth began at seventeen
To smoke cigars just to be seen;
At three a day for sixty years —

Enough to start repentant tears —
Six thousand dollars puffed away :
What dividends does smoking pay ?

Wherever base instincts are found,
Tobacco fumes in clouds abound ;
Pollute the air, offend the smell —
Shall we its evils further tell ?
It disregards the rights of all,
And shows the depths to which men fall.

A lighted pipe was thrown aside,
By thoughtless smoker in his pride :
Results — ah, horrible to name !
A crowded factory wrapped in flame,
And scores of human lives were lost,
For one short smoke's heart-rending cost.

Tobacco bane the life destroys,
Of rising manhood's growing boys ;
It weakens heart and pales the face,
Deteriorates the human race,
Whose craving for nicotian smoke,
Has bound them in a galling yoke.

No need to further numerate,
Or stay its harmfulness to state :
We would all smoking interdict,
Regardless who may contradict :
Such habit should be under ban,
It does not pay nor ever can.

Why do men smoke ? again we ask ;
May quick reply the truth unmask ;
If it's because the Indians did,
Let not the fact be longer hid :
When to a filthy habit bound ;
Some worthy reason should be found.

Mount Allison

"MOUNT A" adorns the placid brow,
Of yonder classic hill;
Like olden Druid versed in lore,
Her mission to fulfill.

Devoted fathers, long since dead,
In sacrifice and care,
With generous hand and loyal heart,
Embalmed thy birth in prayer.

From small beginning, step by step,
Along the upward way,
Success has crowned thine onward march,
Till thou art strong to-day.

How men of means, from time to time,
With contributions rare,
Removed the stress of pressing need,
Thine annals well declare.

Thy chairs, endowed for coming years,
Are filled with men of worth;
Thy graduates, a noble band,
Are yearly going forth.

In buildings, with equipment fine,
Advancement marks the way;
And boldly standing forth alone,
Thy banner leads to-day.

From early youth till present time,
Thy growth has rapid been;
With prospect bright for years to come,
May clearer grow thy sheen.

Thy sons have made an honored name,
As leaders brave and strong;
Thy daughters, in the van have led,
In music, art and song.

The judges' bench and statesmen's hall,
The pulpit, press and bar,
Reflect the light of "Old Mount A"—
As sun lights morning star.

With past success and present life,
And future hope we say,
Thank God for all that thou hast done,
Or yet may do, "Mount A."

How The Beaver Aided Man

THAT one shall reap what others sow,
Is the inheritance of man:
We see it written everywhere,
As we the page of history scan.

In the dim distant long ago,
Before mankind this country knew;
Here lived industrious workers wise,
So faithful, honest, loyal, true.

They cut the timber, carried earth,
And built their dams and houses strong;
And many tracts of forest land,
Were overflowed for ages long.

The trees within these areas died,
And all decayed full well away;
And thus the soil became prepared,
For future growing of the hay.

But at incroachments of our race,
These timid creatures travelled far:
No guiding hand to mend the breach,
Their flood-gates soon became ajar.

These ponds of water, breaking forth,
Left in their steads large marshy spots,
Which then grew up with grasses high,
Becoming rich productive plots.

The early settlers in their need,
Sought out these meadows far and near,
And moved their harvest, waving green,
And fed their cattle year by year.

These fertile tracts, now growing up
With alder-bush and meadow-sweet,
Are what the beaver gave to man,
And helped his early wants to meet.

With industry and skill combined,
Sagacious more than trained retriever,
In engineering unexcelled —
A noble quadruped the beaver.

When I at times the forest roam,
And see these beaver-marshes green;
Or stacked with hay at later time,
I think of beaver's instinct keen.

Acadia

In that fair land of fruitful vales,
Beside a rising hill,
Adorned with greenest foliage,
There lies a charming *ville.

Upon a rising terraced mead,
Ensconced among the vines,
Thou standest — classic looming pile,
Where lore with love entwines.

The fathers, rich in faithfulness,
With inspiration strong,
Laid thy foundation deep and firm,
Embalmed in prayer and song.

With noble purpose, others came,
Whose unremitting care,
Material gifts, and honored lives,
In sacrifices share.

*Wolfville.

Increasing need, across thy life,
A lengthened shadow cast ;
Till friends responding with their aid,
Redeemed thee whole at last.

Full well abreast of thy compeers,
In science, logic, art ;
Long thy curriculum has shown,
The wisdom of thy heart.

The wise and true have led the way,
A noble Christian band ;
Men brave and strong are guiding now :
For all that's best you stand.

Thy graduates, an honored roll,
Whose lives as beacons bright,
Foremost in all the walks of life,
Reveal thy guiding light.

Thine undergraduates, a host,
Have come each passing year,
Until thy roll has larger grown,
Than any rival peer.

Intercollegiate debate —
You victories eight have gained ;
In field of competition fair,
But one defeat sustained.

Thine onward march has upward been,
As guiding star of morn :
Thy present life presages well,
A glorious future born.

Go on as thou hast started well,
Hold thy traditions high ;
Success will ever crown the way :
Thy golden days are nigh.

"Tell" and "Got"

"I HEARD tell" you should not say.
The "heard" implies the "tell";
But speak the only proper way;
Say "I heard," but not "heard tell."

"I have got," now do not say;
The "have" includes "got":
So use the good and proper way;
Say "I have," but not "have got."

"I have got" and "I heard tell,"
Are heard from morn till night:
Now try and everybody tell,
Henceforth to say them right.

Spring

'TIS spring, the resurrection time
Of hibernating life,
Assuming once again their ways,
Of pleasure, toil and strife.

Cold winter long had held them fast
In icy barriers bound,
Till vernal ray's increasing warmth
Their fetters hath unbound.

The frogs, emerging from their sleep
Beneath the ice-bound pools,
Unite their chorus, loud and shrill,
In annual singing schools.

Vast insect life in myriad forms,
Responding to the spring,
Come forth from winter's long repose
With hum and buzz and sting.

The verdant grass and flowers fair,
Arbutus, violet, larch,
Unfailing as the rising sun,
Reveal thy stealthy march.

Bright singing birds with plumage gay,
The robin, sparrow, lark,
Return to cheer us with their songs,
In grove and hedge and park.

The kine, let loose from winter stalls,
Once more are seen afield,
Bespeaking thus, in language mute,
An increased lactage yield.

As playful as the frisking lambs
Upon the meadows green,
With undressed feet and coats removed,
The school boys now are seen.

The orchard trees at thy behest,
The apple, peach and pear,
Adorned in robes of nuptial white,
Perfume the ambient air.

O joyous time of coming spring,
Best season of the year,
So quickly passing in its haste,
Proclaims the summer near.

Warning

THE boy well schooled upon the street,
Will graduate in jail;
No matter who the lad may be,
The rule will seldom fail.

The Wail of the Forest

For league on league of broad expanse,
Extended forest green ;
With waving tops and spreading fronds,
No fairer sight was seen.

The spruce and pine and birch and fir,
With hemlock, ash and beech ;
To all who lend attentive ear,
A worthy lesson teach.

These forest trees, among themselves
A sylvan language knew ;
And thus in friendly intercourse,
Promiscuous they grew.

This present growth, though young in years,
Old Sylvan well had taught
What serious havoc, all around,
The woodman's axe had wrought.

How large and smooth of trunk and tall,
Primeval trees had grown,
How great their ancestors had been,
These saplings well had known.

In trembling fear lest woodman's axe
Might slay them in their youth,
They shook their heads and called aloud,
In words of sylvan truth.

The pine was first to raise his voice,
In mute arborean tones :
" I am a tree of tender age,
Scarce yet producing cones.

Now if you fell me in my youth,
And haul me to the mill,
My whole contents will be so small,
'Twould not repay the bill.

But if you spare me till full grown,
As my forefathers, tall,
My heart of pine will valued be,
And would be sought of all."

Then sapling spruce, with spreading branch,
In sylvan speech declared,
How useful, broad and tall he'd grow,
If life to him was spared.

His head would rise to lofty height,
With trunk so strong and large ;
He'd make a beam for derrick high,
Or spar for sailing barge.

All dressed in suit of evergreen,
The balsam fir joined in ;
"To slaughter timber when so small,
Is sacrilegious sin.

I do not ask for lengthened life,
My heart grows weak with age ;
But cut me in my budding youth
Is nature to outrage."

Then spoke the beech in trembling tones —
"Though neither straight nor tall,
O spare me for my constant worth,
And do not make me fall.

I furnish food for squirrel and bear,
My nuts delight the boys ;
When older grown, my useful wood
Makes furniture and toys."

The waving ash then shook his leaves
As windy gust went by,
Spread out his branches in the breeze,
And made his pleading cry.

"Ash has been sought for years long past,
By Indians, Whites and Blacks,
But never feared destruction full
Till you were on our tracks.

The basket-maker knows my worth,
My splints are best of all,
I always bend before I break,
And now for respite call."

The silken birch put forth a plea
That he should longer stay:
His worth, increased a hundred fold,
Would be some future day.

And thus each family pleaded long
In its own special way,
And promised woodsman large increase,
If he the axe would stay.

But heedless woodsman, axe in hand,
In eager grasping mood,
Surveyed the limits, length and breadth,
In acres, perch and rood.

Then consternation wild was heard,
Through knoll and hill and dale;
The wind swayed boughs' united voice
Broke forth in saddened wail.

"Oh woodsman! woodsman! spare us now
Till we may larger grow,
So we can furnish future years
That which the present owe.

We'll furnish moisture for the crops,
Accumulate the snow,
Prevent the devastating flood,
And cause the springs to flow.

We will not always plead to stay,
But spare us till we'er old,
Increased reward we'll bring to you
In coins of shining gold."

But selfish woodsman, caring not
For future weal or woe,
In hope of present paltry gain,
Their pleadings answered "No."

When Sylvan heard their suit denied
He made one effort more ;
And from the wind-swept forest trees,
This strong petition bore.

" O Legislators hear our prayer,
And pass conserving Act,
That grasping woodsman will not dare
Commit so mean an act."

But Legislators, cautious men —
Lest they should lose a vote,
Received the strongly worded plea,
And " veto" on it wrote.

Soon all the trees were felled, and cut
In scantling boards and plank :
So small the size and low the price,
The profits were a blank.

If greedy woodsman had been wise,
And let his timber stand ;
A few more years of rapid growth
Would paid him cash in hand.

And if he then would cut the best,
And let the smaller grow ;
From year to year's increasing size,
Good revenue would flow.

Let future woodsman act the man,
Conserve the forest young,
And greater wealth will it bestow
Than ever said or sung.

An Incident

As Willie walked along the road,
He saw a little hopping toad,
With back so rough and eyes so bright:
Poor Willie screamed with all his might.

The toad looked up and winked its eye,
As if to say, "what makes you cry?
Were I but half as big as you,
I'd look for something else to do."

When Willie heard its purling tone,
He thought, "now if I had a stone,
I'd show that ugly looking thing
How straight a course my arm could fling."

He quickly glanced his eye around;
And picked a cobble from the ground,
Then poised himself to take sure aim,
And threw the stone with might and main.

His aim was far beyond the mark:
For Willie 'twas a sorry lark;
He did not hit the reptile's head,
But struck a hornets' nest instead.

The angered insects, swarming out,
Took momentary look about,
Then made a dash for Willie's eyes,
Which found response in piercing cries.

He turned and ran with all his might,
Hornets pursuing in their flight;
But as he went, he tripped and fell,
And now the moral is to tell.

Let boys beware of hurting toads,
In garden paths or on the roads,
For if you do, you all must know,
"Molest a toad, you'll stub you toe."

The Busy Housewife

I HEARD a busy mother say,
There's work for each and every day ;
A man may work from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done.

She's everywhere at duty's call,
In sickness, trials, great or small,
In weary work or watching care,
She helps us all our burdens bear.

Preparing meals each day and week,
No recreation can she seek ;
Dish-washing too, thrice daily done—
Blest day of rest, for her there's none.

House-cleaning comes both spring and fall :
With washing garments, great and small,
Recurring task without release,
And still her cumbering cares increase.

There's baking bread, preserving fruits,
And cutting out and making suits :
Before one task is fully done,
Some other duty is begun.

The children claim her time and care :
Their lessons oft she helps prepare :
She rocks the cradle, baby tends,
But little time at rest she spends.

Some skim the milk and wash the pans,
Or even lift the heavy cans,
And then anon, the butter churn—
From task to task they quickly turn.

With smiling face and pleasant tone,
She tends the bell and telephone ;
And yet must scrub and mend and darn,
And sometimes spin the knitting yarn.

To shop and call and entertain,
Then meet returning toil again,
Make up a life of constant cares,
Which she with love and patience bears.

So many other duties call,
We would not try to name them all ;
The busy housewife knows full well
No verse can half her labors tell.

While this goes on from week to week,
With wearied hands and tired feet,
She does it in such happy way,
Instead of work you think it play.

If any doubt the statements made,
She better live a recluse maid ;
For men may work from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done.

Though men can seldom heroes be,
True heroines we daily see ;
To write their epitaphs in gold,
Would leave their merits yet untold.

Character

As sounding drum denotes its hollowness within,
And pardoning grace betokens inwardness of sin,
And slowly running streams make known a deeper flow ;
So we can often learn true character to know :
A blaring loudness shows a shallowness of mind,
But dignity of mien, in greater men we find.

Christmas Bells

CLEAR Christmas bells are chiming low,
That all who hear may truly know,
On this, a happy Christmas morn,
The infant Saviour Christ was born.

Now tell the story soft and low,
While every dimpled cheek aglow,
In listening mood the children stand,
The fairest group in Christian land.

They drink the words from loving lips,
As honey-bee the nectar sips,
Until sweet spirit from above,
Has filled each heart with joy and love.

When all the story had been told ;
As lambs within the sheltering fold,
They felt a peace of heart and mind,
As Christian adults seldom find.

'Tis thus in youth, when spirit-taught,
We early learn how Jesus bought
A pardon full for each and all,
Who listen to his pleading call.

Sweet bells of Christmas-tide ring out,
As one triumphant pealing shout :
Ring louder now, and louder yet,
That all may hear and none forget.

True Happiness

'TIS not in ease nor wealth nor power,
Nor raiment's gaudy show ;
But in contented usefulness,
True happiness we know.

The New Year

OUTMARCHING time, with rapid stride,
Like onward flow of ebbing tide,
Has carried forth the closing year,
And hailed the new one to appear.

As at its threshold now we stand,
May each extend a helping hand;
And ever aid, in word and deed,
The sad and suffering in their need.

Another year has passed away,
And we have one less here to stay;
Swift fleeting time so rich in spoil,
Combines, with pleasure, pain and toil.

We know not what this year may bring,
But at its advent we will sing,
That higher aims may fill our hearts,
As day by day the year departs.

If joy shall smile upon our way,
And we are spared to longer stay;
May we reflect that joyful smile,
And keep our lives devoid of guile.

Should sorrow, sadness, sickness, death,
Becloud our lives and still our breath;
May hope increasing, brighter grow,
That we no sting of death may know.

Lost Treasures

A MANLY youth of twenty-one,
His mother's pride and joy,
Went out upon the stage of life
To seek and find employ.

Elastic firmness in his step,
Symmetrical of form ;
His face so fair to look upon,
He seemed a leader born.

The bloom of health was on his cheek,
True luster in his eye ;
From early youth he bravely sought,
To pass temptations by.

Sincere of purpose, upright, true,
Deceit or fraud unknown ;
A model youth of promise great,
Young Edward Roy had grown.

And thus equipped to win the race,
In noble virtues trained,
At crowded city's busy mart,
A situation gained.

Can he withstand the swirling tide
Of modern city life,
Or will he fall as thousands more
Amid the urban strife ?

Companions should be sought with care,
Full well young Edward knew ;
And did his best to shun the vile,
By choosing but a few.

Temptations all around are spread,
Saloon and club and pool,
As filthy Harpies lying wait —
A demon's training school.

Insidious sin, like cankering worm,
Oft hides beneath a smile ;
Unguarded moment may alas,
Admit the taint of guile.

His chosen friends, ah, sad to tell,
Unto themselves untrue,
With false conceptions of the best,
Could not to him be true.

A little later out at night,
Some habits slightly changed,
Are true monitions of the fact
The life has been deranged.

The language of the home is blurrred
With unclean words inwove ;
The purity of life is last,
For which a mother strove.

Amid the lure of gilded life,
A few short steps aside,
Will leave the unsuspecting youth
Adrift on ebbing tide.

Soon infidelity creeps in,
And dulls the moral sense ;
A sad experience thus is bought,
At far too great expense.

When Edward saw his quick descent
Along the path of sin,
He mourned that youthful treasures lost,
Are never found again.

Though up-hill work is always hard,
We fain would see him rise ;
But, once the eagle's wing is broke,
Henceforth he lower flies.

Let all stand firm upon the track,
Of virtue, right and truth ;
May no deceitful temper dare,
Mislead the rising youth.

Elroy

ELROY was but a weakly lad,
Though manly for his tender years;
His beaming eyes so soft and sad,
At times were dimmed with childish tears.

He could not run and shout with glee,
As other boys so well and strong;
Sad was the fact so plain to see,
His sojourn here could not be long.

So very thoughtful for his age,
And entertaining were his ways,
His parents called him budding sage,
And joined with him in all his plays.

At school he was a model lad—
A bright example for the rest;
Though most were good and few were bad,
Among the former he was best.

His lessons he had learned so well,
He quick began to lead his class;
So apt to read and write and spell,
To higher grade he soon would pass.

His eyes took on a sadder look,
His face grew pale and thin:
For while at play beside the brook,
A thoughtless rude boy threw him in.

High fever burned upon his cheek,
And on his handsome manly brow;
His parents now too sad to speak—
With aching hearts in anguish bow.

Poor Elroy's lips were parched and dry,
His head was racked with throbbing pain;
Delirium came with moaning cry,
The murmurings of a fevered brain.

His mother. O how sad at heart,
His strickened father grieving sore ;
Ah ! must they from their Elroy part,
And never see their darling more ?

From fevered slumber Elroy woke,
"I want to see that bad boy Jim,"
With trembling lips he softly spoke,
"The boy who rudely pushed me in."

So Jim came in with sham-ed face,
With downcast eyes bedimmed with tears,
Deep sorrow all could plainly trace,
As failing hope gives place to fears.

"Now I must go so very soon,
But I forgive your thoughtless deed,
You promise me this afternoon,
The rights of others you will heed."

Then sad with grief Jim sobbed aloud,
"Though I have been a rude bad boy,
I will no other lives becloud,
Nor playmate ever more annoy."

. . . . . .

" Mother you must not moan nor cry,
But I must go away to night,
And you will meet me in the sky,
Amid the joy of angels bright.'

A soft sweet smile lights cheek and brow,
His deep blue eyes are open wide,
His failing breaths are shorter now,
He can no longer here abide.

Gently his eyelids drooped and closed,
Like rarest flower at set of sun ;
Angel of death has interposed,
His life beyond has now begun.

The Observer's Soliloquy

I've lived till I am growing old,
My hairs are turning gray ;
Before I bid this world adieu,
I have one word to say.

I know the ways of many men,
I've seen them at their best ;
I know their aims in daily life,
And put them to the test.

I've seen them in the church and state,
In business and at play ;
My observation has been keen :
I've watched from day to day.

Despite some truly honest men,
Too few and far between,
Deception, fraud, and cunning guile,
On every side are seen.

The greed of gain is uppermost,
The riffraff often rules
While men who strive for better things
Are looked upon as mules.

How long O men ! how long, how long,
Will virtue yield to vice ;
While tragedies on sea and land,
Reveal the awful price ?

Gird up your loins, be sober still,
Fight on till comes the time,
When pampered self's repentant mood
Will expiate the crime.

When all may know the worth of men,
Who stand for truth and right,
Whose lives, as diamonds in the dark,
Reveal the dawning light.

When character, instead of cash,
Is prized as shining gold,
And men no longer can be bribed,
Nor public office sold.

When none are found to sell their votes,
But smite the ghoul who buys,
The morning star of hope will shine,
On men no longer guys.

Let every loyal honest man
Stand firm as adamant,
Against the evil tide of self,
Hypocrisy, and cant.

Dedication

I DEDICATE these broken rhymes,
To one, a friend indeed,
And ask that she may try in this,
Her character to read.

With charm of blithesome cheerfulness,
And happy winsome ways,
She scatters sunshine all around.
And brightens darkest days.

So pleasant with the sad and sick,
With faithfulness in health ;
Her laughter is in silver tones,
Her presence here is wealth.

As bright as rarest flower blown,
And sweet as blooming rose ;
Her friends arise and call her blest,
As on through life she goes.

True maker of a happy home,
The joy of loving heart ;
The sweetness of her smile will cause
All sadness to depart.

Her worth is more than gems and gold,
Or rubies rich and rare;
Happy the home her presence cheers,
The life her love can share.

Companion in the sorest trials,
The truest and the best;
Creation's greatest boon, with which
The life of man is blest.

Youth And Age

In youth how slowly runs the time,
A month seems most a year,
We wait so long for holidays
While adults think them near.

From early years till twenty one,
How languidly they go;
But after that so soon alas!
Time moves no longer slow.

Mature life brings work and care,
And sometimes we forget,
Amid our hurry, worry here,
How soon our sun will set.

Old age comes on with rapid stride:
We find, so very soon,
Our sojourn here has passed away
As sunset follows noon.

To act our part both wise and well
In youth, should be our aim,
For later life, in echoes loud,
Our former lives acclaim.

The Tapping Of The Maples

WHEN winter bows to coming spring,
And chilling winds have ceased to sing;
With frosty nights and warmer days,
Comes the tapping of the maples.

As if by instinct from within,
The pent up juices then begin
To circulate beneath the bark —
Hence the tapping of the maples.

A tap is made with half-inch bit,
A metal spile just made to fit,
On which an eight-quart can is hung —
Is the tapping of the maples.

The running liquid falls in drops:
If weather's good it seldom stops,
From morning till approaching night
By the tapping of the maples.

The sap is gathered every day,
Till near about the first of May,
Evaporator does the rest —
Through the tapping of the maples.

And now hurrah for sugar woods!
'Tis there we get the tasty goods,
Maple sugar, syrup, candy —
From the tapping of the maples.

Fred s Repentance

FRED left his school and went to sea,
Against his father's will ;
He would not work upon the farm,
He would not tend the mill.

The second day from leaving port,
They placed him at the wheel ;
He could not steer the vessel straight,
Nor knew the stem from keel.

A huge wave washed along the deck,
Submerging Fred and all :
As soon as he could get his breath,
The captain heard him call.

" My father told me not to come,
But I was such a fool ;
If I was only home again,
I'd work or go to school."

Life

A MYSTERY is life, sublime,
Akin to ever-fleeting time :
Beginning in the distant past,
Enduring till the trumpet's blast.

Our present life's a sacred trust,
And use it well we surely must,
That others may the better be,
For well-spent life of you and me.

The lives entrusted to our care
Should all be trained in wisdom rare,
That they the world may better make,
As through it, they their journey take.

So swift from us our lives depart,
That even now we feel them start ;
Our sands of time are running low,
As day by day through life we go.

Bright future life before us lies
If we accept the sacrifice,
Through which atonement can be found,
By all who heed the joyful sound.

My New Brunswick Home

THOUGH I may leave my native land,
On foreign shores to roam ;
I find no place I love so well,
As my New Brunswick home.

Though I may see vast cities' wealth,
In London, Paris, Rome ;
No sight delights my longing eyes,
As my New Brunswick home.

Though I may visit eastern climes,
'Mid oriental glome ;
No scene can give the pleasure found
In my New Brunswick home.

Though I may travel in the west,
From Summerland to Nome ;
I find no place I would exchange
For my New Brunswick home.

Though austral bloom perfumes the air,
From sea-girt islands blown ;
No fragrance can illure me from
My own New Brunswick home.

Though I may gaze upon the Alps,
Or verdant valleys roam ;
There is no spot of greater charm,
Than my New Brunswick home.

Though I ascend to lofty heights,
View turret, tower and dome;
Their beauty is as naught, compared
With my New Brunswick home.

Though I may dwell in sunlit vale,
And pluck the ripened pomes;
There is not found more sweet repose,
Than in New Brunswick homes.

What Is The Greatest Evil

WHEN I survey the haunts of men,
And mark our social state;
The question I am asking now,
I mentally debate.

I think of many evils great,
That dominate our race;
But which one, with the banner leads,
In suffering and disgrace?

With consultation by the way,
And observation keen;
With true detective zealousness,
I read the lines between.

I ask the judge and jury sworn,
The prisoner at the bar;
And seek for greater knowledge yet,
From penal haunts afar.

I walk the prison corridors,
Look through the iron bars;
Consult the hardened criminals,
And view their many scars.

I read the prison records long,
Peruse the warden's roll;
And seek to find the evil that's
Exacting such a toll.

I think of fearful tragedies,
By sea and on the land ;
I learn of past calamities,
That I may understand.

I go where haunts of sin abound,
Saloon and gamblers' den ;
I view the lowest forms of vice
E'er seen by eyes of men.

I see the murderer's glaring eye,
And hear his victim groan ;
I listen to the orphan's cry,
And hear the widow's moan.

I search the cemetery drear,
And scan the potter's field,
That I may find the evil great,
To which so many yield.

And could I lift the veil between,
And look far down below,
And ask the hoards in hades lost,
What brought them down so low.

Their testimony would complete
The proof I want to know :
To find the greatest evil then,
I need no farther go.

In summing up the evidence,
As Justice weighs a cause ;
I lay all prejudice aside —
And meditating, pause.

Recalling all the witnesses,
The living and the dead ;
Remembering what, as juror true,
I've seen and heard and read.

I think of ruined lives and homes,
Of crime and broken laws ;
And find the greatest evil lies
Within the greatest cause,

And that the greatest evil cause
The evidence has shown,
Is in the liquor traffic low —
The greatest evil known.

Riding On The Train

When we go riding on the train,
We cannot well our fears restrain,
That bar or bolt or nut may fail,
Or wheel may strike a broken rail.

As we the varied travellers scan,
We sometimes see the selfish man,
Who turns two seats right face to face,
As if he paid for triple space.

Some too may justly feel annoyed,
To think the car should be destroyed —
An alley be so narrow made,
That men may smoke or games be played.

A passing menace oft betides
The traveller as along he rides,
Conduced by those whose torrid flash
Impels them high to raise a sash.

The wind comes in —a chilling breeze,
Those in the rear begin to sneeze,
While, all unmindful of the rest,
Sits one who likes the gale the best.

Conductor, dressed in suit of blue,
With gold-laced cap and shining shoe,
Advances with his punch in hand,
" Your tickets please" is his demand.

Though we may travel every line,
Conductors, as a rule, are fine;
With constant duties to be done,
Their task is not an easy one.

The brakeman, with a smiling face,
Announces every stopping place :
Permits no door to stand ajar,
And helps us when we leave the car.

With constant care, the baggage man
The check on every trunk must scan ;
And if perchance they go astray,
He sends them back without delay.

The mail-clerk, with a careful hand,
Assorting mail for every land,
Quick charges up the double rate,
If by mischance there's over weight.

The driver, with a watchful eye,
Controlling lever does apply,
And aims to regulate the speed,
And every danger-signal heed.

The fireman has the hardest work,
And has no chance to loaf or shirk :
There is no easy way or scheme,
By which he can keep up the steam.

The constant rattle, swerve and jar,
Of smoothest running railway car,
The toot of whistle, clang of bell,
May lay on one, a pleasing spell.

With road-bed good, equipment strong,
O'er changing grades we speed along ;
Enchanting scenery by the way —
Some fain would leave the car and stay.

At every station to an fro,
Passengers come, passengers go ;
Some merry as a may-pole ring,
Some gloomy as a fog in spring.

While thus we travel far and wide,
It gives us cause for honest pride ;
To find our own Canadian cars,
So soft of seat and free from jars.

The Ocean

THOU mighty onward rolling main !
I see thy waters still again,
Exchanging wave, and foam and strife,
For tranquil, calm pacific life,
As if the sirens' songs of glee,
Had made tempestuous passions flee :
Thus oft thine angry furies ceased,
Anon to swell with rage increased.

Thou art the same from age to age :
No change is written on thy page
Since morning stars together sang,
And shouts of joy across thee rang :
Thy surface may be torn and rent,
Or peaceful when the storm is spent ;
But lapse of time thou hast withstood —
Changeless art thou except in mood.

How rolls thy boundless fullness vast !
On thee we gaze and stand aghast :
From shore to shore thy waves expand,
Obeying still the high command,
Thus far to come and then subside,
As seen in each receding tide :
Despite thy struggling surges' swell,
Thou hast no power to break the spell.

In peaceful mood, so calm and still,
As if precursor of no ill,
Suggesting rest from pain and care,
A message of repose you bear :
But when the storm cloud lowers nigh,
And rushing winds are rising high,
Thine angry billows rage and roar :
In fury wild they dash the shore.

In days fast passing from our sight,
Bold admirals on the sea would fight :

The fame of Blake we sometimes tell,
And speak of how brave Nelson fell :
Great conflicts sealed in blood were gained,
Death-dealing force, the nations drained,
And scores beneath the waves were sent,
As ships by shot and shell were rent.

Since art of sailing first was taught,
Across the ocean have been brought
Rich merchandise of many kinds —
Inventions rare of fertile minds,
Of peace and war, of good and ill,
The thronging marts of earth to fill :
The princely merchants' treasured stores,
And pearls and gems from foreign shores.

Broad areas lie beyond the sight
Of boldest sea-bird in its flight :
Remotest bounds of ocean's beach,
The ken of man can never reach :
Congealed in icy barriers, stand
Extremes of ocean as of land —
In solitude and silence lost,
Unconquered, save by snow and frost.

Without thy presence and thine aid,
Commercial intercourse is stayed,
Climatic changes would be great,
And chaos reign in every state :
Our present life would flee away,
For here we could no longer stay ;
No reservoir, nor brook, nor spring,
And no abode of living thing.

A mammoth store for needy man,
Reveals unerring Wisdom's plan ;
Such hoarded wealth thy waves enfold,
In prose or rhyme was never told :
The oysters' pearls are held by thee—
Most valued product of the sea :
And yet, with all thy boundless store,
The sea at last, shall be no more.

The cities' throngs, oppressed by heat,
On ocean's shores oft find retreat:
In cooling breeze at eventide
Invigorating charms abide.
Thy beach abounds with human life,
In brief respite from care and strife:
Thy briny waves exhale their breath,
And invalids are saved from death.

Deep sea! thou benefactor great,
For uncreated man create,
A menace ever thou hast stood,
Relentless in thy mildest mood:
Beneath thy surface thousands fall,
For mercy in despair they call,
But thou dost roll and answer naught:
With tragedies the sea is fraught.

Sad history tells from page to page,
How scores of men in every age,
And woman too, and children bright,
And youths and maidens, from our sight,
Low down below the ocean's wave,
Have gone, to find a watery grave:
From fondest sight forever torn,
Till called at resurrection morn.

Great liners, thronged with human life,
Or ship of war with seaman rife,
Excursion craft or training boat,
Across thy trackless bosom float—
Alas! when far from shore or light,
Perchance collide in gloom of night;
As rock and berg, grim death in hand,
Across their path, a peril stand.

Few sadder sights this world e'er knew,
Than suffering shipwrecked sailor crew,
Adrift in tossing open boat,
Hard bailing only keeps afloat:
Long nights in dreary vigils spent,
Dark days no hope of rescue lent,
No sun nor moon nor stars to guide,
Exhausted, sink beneath the tide.

Behold the mighty host of dead,
That lie upon thy watery bed :
The agonizing cries of pain,
The shrieking groans none could restrain,
The wailing moan of broken hearts,
And torturing grief e'er life departs :
From thoughts so terrible we flee,
But thou dost smile in placid glee.

Thy hungry maw is open wide,
As inward flows the ebbing tide ;
Thy craving never can be sate,
Though all the stores of earth you ate :
Thou canst engulf a thousand ships,
As merest morsel in thy lips :
All rivers are absorbed by thee,
And thou art still the hungry sea.

Amazing thought ! what costly store
Has wreckage strown upon thy floor :
Rich treasures vast of gems and gold,
Such wealth as never can be told :
Enormous, huge and vast the spoil,
Product of mine and mint and soil :
Rare cargoes large —whole trading fleets,
Have found in thee their winding sheets.

Thou dost sustain indwelling life,
Huge creatures, oft in mortal strife :
Leviathans of varied forms,
Unmindful of the raging storms :
The whale that men go forth to spear,
The octopus that seamen fear,
The cod, the halibut, the shark,
Inhabit thy deep waters dark.

The dolphin, porpoise, lamprey, seal,
Thy parting waters may reveal :
The turbot, mackerel, hake and ling,
Whose praises epicures might sing :
The apodal, or fish with swords,
In seas and bays and gulfs and fiords :
The pollock, smelt, and hundreds more
Thy waters teem from shore to shore.

Vast multitudes in thee abound,
And swim thy trackless waters round ;
The great and small, the good and bad,
Crustaceans too, and torsk and shad :
Their food, all suited to their mind,
In great abundance there they find :
The larger on the smaller prey,
And thus a base instinct obey.

For ages long the ocean's roll,
Has caused mankind to pay it toll :
For unborn ages yet to be,
Toll will be paid the heaving sea :
Thy victims, O how sad the tale,
At thought of which strong men turn pale :
Such numbers vast cannot be read,
Until the sea gives up its dead.

Worry

We may as well attempt remove
The spots from off the sun,
Or change the flow of ocean's tide,
And stop its daily run,
As worry over what is past
Or what is not begun.

PART II

The Life Beyond

(Tune: Hebron)

AMID our weary toil and care,
'Tis well to hearken and prepare,
That we may know that future life
Beyond the vale of mortal strife.

Where human souls in glory shine,
Mingling with spirits, all divine:
With earth's emotions washed away,
In smiles of everlasting day.

And there throughout eons of age,
Eternal things our lives engage:
We each shall find within that sphere,
All we have loved and cherished here.

Companionship in heavenly way,
Shall fill that long celestial day:
Love, joy and ecstasy we'll find,
To satisfy the longing mind.

In holy concert we shall raise,
A joyful harmony of praise;
While all the vault above resounds,
In echoes of the dulcet sounds.

Harmonious interchange of thought:
Divine companions—all blood-bought:
Expanding soul, dilating love,
Complete the joys of heaven above.

Thou great Creator, Three in One!
Eternal Father, Spirit, Son!
Lead me the way of perfect rest,
With happy throng of spirits blest.

Public Worship

(Tune: Duke Street)

COME let us put away our care,
And to the house of God repair:
To join in song and prayer and praise,
In reverence, our devotions raise.

We'll heed the scripture's warning note,
For us, by inspiration wrote;
The sermon's admonitions heed,
As it reveals our guilt and need.

On bended knees we'll plead our cause,
And pardon ask, for broken laws:
The Spirit's power and presence seek,
That He may keep us mild and meek.

While seeking grace we will implore,
That He may help us more and more,
To put our faults and sins away,
And live as Christians every day.

Returning hence, we'll hope for power,
To keep us safe through sun and shower:
To guide, to guard, to shield and hold,
Till we are called within the fold.

Sympathy

AS morning sun dispels the cold,
And vernal days the buds unfold;
'Tis thus a sympathetic smile
From loving heart, devoid of guile,
Restores the joy to burdened lives,
And faith and hope again revives.

The Heavens Declare Thy Glory

(Tune: Belerma, St. Agnes)

THE heavens declare Thy glory Lord ;
The psalmist well proclaims,
In notes of sweet seraphic sound,
That echo soft refrains.

Day unto day uttereth speech,
In words distinctly spelled ;
Night unto night showeth knowledge,
And wisdom unexcelled.

The sun and moon and stars show forth,
With ever circling span,
How wondrous is Thy power divine,
How great Creation's plan.

The firmament, Thy wisdom proves,
The earth in splendor shines ;
Thy word declares redeeming love,
As told in fairest lines.

All nature sings of love supreme :
Thy creatures, great and small,
Join in a euphony of song,
Not saddened by the fall.

Of all Creation's grandest work,
Shall man alone be found,
Not lifting up his voice in praise,
With melody of sound ?

Rest

(Tune: Rest, Retreat)

THOUGH deepest gloom of darkest night,
Leave not a trace of dawning light;
Be not discouraged patient soul,
The blackest clouds away will roll.

Though stormy winds raise billows high,
Obliterating sun and sky;
Be still and hear the plaintive call,
"Come hither soul, I died for all."

Though pain and anguish, sorrow, strife,
Fill up dark days of wearied life;
O, may I feel that pardoning love
Will find retreat in heaven above!

Though friends forsake, and snares beguile,
And I can't see the Father's smile;
Yet I will ne'er give up the thought,
That One, for me a pardon bought.

Though foes without and fears within,
Drag down my life in shame and sin;
May I still claim the promise bright;
"At even-tide there shall be light."

Hail Sabbath Morn

HAIL softly smiling Sabbath morn,
Best day of all the seven:
The day of recreating rest,
Presaging that of heaven.

May lofty themes engage our minds,
Sweet peace fill every heart:
An emblem of the saints' abode,
Where Sabbaths ne'er depart.

Praise

(Tune: Old Hundred, Ward)

PRAISE God for life and light and love;
Praise Him for hope of heaven above;
Praise Him for mercies past and gone,
And still for mercies yet anon.

Praise God for Sabbath's happy rest,
Bestowed on man by His behest;
Praise Him for summer, spring and fall;
Praise Him for cycling seasons all.

Praise God for all the beauty given
In verdant earth and starry heaven:
For flowers, unfolding petals rare,
That praises in their perfume bear.

His wondrous works, in all their ways,
Show forth His goodness and His praise;
And all His saints shall bless His name,
In sounding notes, that ne'er shall wane.

So shall His children all be heard
In melody, as singing bird:
Praise aye shall be His saints' delight,
At evening shade or morning light.

Evening

WHEN sinks the sun behind the hills,
Amid the crimson west;
How soon the veil of night descends,
And brings the toiler rest.

'Tis thus our waning lives are found,
A transitory breath:
So soon alas! we all go down,
Behind the pall of death.

Repose

(Tune: Old Hundred)

WHEN I come near the brink of life,
And bid adieu to care and strife,
How shall I view the future then,
And how regard the ways of men?

Shall I hold fast to earthly toys,
And mourn at loss of earthly joys?
Or shall my mind find calm repose,
All free from thought of future woes?

My soul is fortified with hope;
My view now takes a wider scope;
My trust is in the Mild and Meek,
And then His presence I will seek.

Such full provision has been made;
My future trust can never fade:
In daily conquest now I live;
E'en should I wander, He'll forgive.

Yes, I will claim the promise then,
Though future lies beyond my ken:
I'll feel how vain are bawbling cares,
And banish fear of satan's snares.

No foe shall dare disturb my weal,
Nor thief my trusted transport steal:
All infidelity shall flee,
And faith alone abide in me.

With joy I'll lay my weary head,
In sweet repose on dying bed:
Anticipating blessed morn,
Of happy soul in glory born.

The Changed Heart

THE fool hath said within his heart,
"There is no God ; why should I start
To shun the ways of sin and death,
Or fear the hour of parting breath."

He dared not speak the words aloud,
But hid them well, beneath a cloud
Of unbelief and guilty shame,
And from his lips no utterance came.

But when he turned and looked within,
And saw the sinfulness of sin ;
In deep distress he fain would flee,
To One who died upon the tree.

The Saviour saw his anguish wild,
And sought him as a wayward child :
Repentance found acceptance nigh,
Enraptured gaze was turned on high.

In calm repose he now can sing,
Of joys that faith and hope will bring :
Since unbelief and doubt depart,
The peace of God has filled his heart.

Supplication

(Tune : Hursley)

FFather of Light ! look down on me,
As I look humbly up to Thee :
Dictate my prayer and aid me now,
To seek Thy presence as I bow.

I need Thy sanctifying grace,
To help me run a noble race :
And O, I need redeeming love,
To make me meet for heaven above.

Grant me Thy presence Lord to-day,
To help me love, and watch and pray:
Thy Spirit's power on me bestow:
May I Thy full salvation know.

O, fill my soul with love divine,
And may I walk no paths but thine:
Keep me unspotted from the world.
While satan's darts at me are hurled.

Lord, keep me from corroding care,
And may I find Thee everywhere:
In darkest night or brightest noon,
Thus may my heart be kept attune.

Lord grant that I may learn to live:
May I my life for others give:
When all my trifling sorrow's past,
Grant me Thy sweet "Well done" at last.

Petition

(Tune: Woodworth)

GREAT Father, on my bended knee,
Help me come very near to thee,
That I may know Thy will divine,
And feel the joys that may be mine.

O help my sad and sinful heart,
From unbelief to quickly part;
Pour in upon my burdened soul,
That hope which can my life control.

I seek for pardon through the blood:
May deep contrition like a flood,
Wash every timid fear away,
And point me to the upward way.

May full repentance then have sway,
And lead me on the King's highway,
Where all true pardoned souls are found,
Whose notes of love and praise resound.

Extatic joy now fills my breast,
As on Thy promises I rest;
May all my powers now find employ:
May I Thy presence e'er enjoy.

Reflections

WHEN I all times my cross would bear,
And in the public service share;
What joyfulness and peace I found,
Proclaimed in notes of gladsome sound.

My soul was then drawn near to God,
And fed like manna on His word:
My voice so oft a song would raise,
In proclamation of His praise.

But since my life's been led away;
And when oft-times I've ceased to pray:
What sadness now has filled my breast,
When I remember former rest.

Instead of life, and love and joy,
And ecstasy without alloy,
I feel a wretchedness within,
Like gnawings of unpardoned sin.

Return my soul to perfect rest,
As once it found on Jesus' breast:
Then shall I shout and sing and pray
And live rejoicing every day.

In Memoriam

(Tune: Downs)

A FRAGILE flower has passed away,
A spirit gone to rest;
Exchanging pain and earthly care,
For home among the blest.

The chilling flood is safely crossed,
No failure nor defeat:
Upon immortal wings of love,
Her victory is complete.

The pearly gates are open wide,
Not transient there the stay;
The glory of the Lamb reveals
An endless, perfect day.

Amid a splendor so divine,
Within the jasper walls,
Upon the shining streets of gold,
So soft her footstep falls.

Before the great white throne she stands,
Amid the glory bright;
And joins the angels in their songs,
In strains of pure delight.

No mortal tongue can ever sing
Such melody divine:
No mortal eye can ever see
Such radiant glories shine.

Her bloom of life will never fade.
Her joys can never cease;
From every ill that flesh is heir,
Her soul has found release.

If thoughts may wander back to earth,
She'll think sometimes of me;
If spirits ever dwell with men,
She'll come where I may be.

And when at last I cross the flood,
Beyond the great divide,
There reunited we will be—
Forever there abide.

Victory

COME, let us sing a happy song,
Its sweetest strains we will prolong:
It is of victory over sin,
And tells of joys we feel within.

Our hearts are glad with pure delight:
Descending rays of heavenly light
Drive every evil thought away,
And they can hold no longer sway.

We tried in vain to break the snare,
Until we heard His word declare;
"'Come unto me' and you shall find
Pardon from sin and peace of mind."

We listened to the Spirit's call,
When broke the chains that did enthrall:
He set us free from slavish fear,
And filled our souls with hope sincere.

Our lives have now found rest and peace:
From day to day our joys increase:
Such ecstasy we never knew,
Until our hearts were made anew.

Confidence

COME weary soul with sin oppressed,
And leave your load of care,
By yielding to the Saviour blessed,
And finding pardon there.

In satan's snares you long were bound
By unbelieving thought,
Till like a straying lamb he found
And to the fold hath brought.

No anguish now shall fill your breast,
Nor dread of future woe:
With peaceful hope and sacred rest,
You've shunned the sinner's foe.

A life of joy has now begun,
Your conscience is at ease:
For by believing on the Son,
Your soul has found release.

Henceforth you'll walk the upward way,
The way of life and love,
That leads to endless perfect day,
The Christian's home above.

God's Attributes

(Tune : Avon, Ortonville)

GReat Spirit of the universe,
Enthroned in glory bright;
No mortal eye has yet beheld
Thy face of beaming light.

Thy matchless beauty I behold,
In sunset's golden hue,
The painting of the flowers fair,
Their symmetry so true.

Thy wisdom shines in all Thy works,
In heaven and earth and sea:
The universal forms of life
Reveal Thyself to me.

Thy power and majesty are shown,
In wonders here displayed:
The guiding of the orbs on high,
Shows Thy commands obeyed.

Thy love and mercy best are seen,
In that most wondrous plan,
By which atonement has been made,
Redeeming guilty man.

Thy truth is found within the page
Of Thine own precious word:
The Holy Bible, book divine,
Reveals the Christ the Lord.

Thy goodness so transcends the best
That lies within our race,
Our noblest efforts here but fail
Thine attributes to trace.

Assurance

(Tune: Hursley)

THE saints of God should e'er be found,
With joyful note of solemn sound:
Hope welling high within the breast,
While pressing on to promised rest.

No care nor sorrow should undo,
The holy bond between the two,
For trial, care and anguish here,
Are but the means to draw us near.

Then let us join in sacred song:
The hymn of praise we should prolong,
Till all who hear may know the strain,
And echo back the sweet refrain.

With faith and hope and life and all,
We'll overcome the baneful fall,
And scatter wide our light and joy,
In helpful deeds,—a blest employ.

From day to day and year to year,
As earth recedes and heaven comes near,
May all be done that we can do,
To bless the world we're passing through.

Trust

(Tune : Manoah)

When laid aside by sickness, pain,
Or other human ill;
When disappointments crowd our days,
And nights with anguish fill.

When every wind blows wrong for us,
And we our sails must furl,
And idly lie and face the storm,
As billows at us hurl.

When unexpected losses come,
And sore bereavements call:
When on our lives dark shadows pass,
Reflecting bier and pall.

We will not wail our low estate,
Nor lose that hope sublime,
That holds the frailest tossing bark
In every age or clime.

Advancing age, departing friends,
But luminate the way,
As severed strands of broken ties,
That terminate our stay.

Though all the ills that mortals bear,
Should be our portion here,
The Great Physician will respond
To every call sincere.

Then let us put our trust in Him,
And cast all fears aside :
In deepest gloom of darkest night
He will with us abide.

The Sabbath

(Tune : Aurela)

THE Sabbath bells are ringing,
And calling us to prayer ;
The saints of God are singing,
And none are wanting there :
The sons of men from toiling,
The Sabbath has set free ;
The greed of gain it's foiling,
And bringing rest to me.

The laboring man's been asking,
From weary week to week,
That eager men so grasping,
The Sabbath day would keep :
Ten thousand toilers sighing
For recreating rest:
Ten thousand mothers crying
That nations thus be blest.

The Christian world's declaring
The Sabbath's made for man ;
And we its rest are sharing,

As only laborers can :
Base men are now recoiling :
They find it does not pay,
That we continue toiling
On this, our Sabbath day.

The wheels of toil releasing,
Are motionless to-day :
The joys of home increasing,
By giving time to pray :
Lord grant, the Sabbath sparing
From Corporations' greed,
That we may be preparing
The Way of Life to heed.

Acceptance

My heart was full of unbelief,
I did not feel the sinful load,
That pressed upon my weary soul,
For I was on the downward road.

I did not listen to the call,
I had no fear of death and hell ;
My way of life was far from God,
Till one I heard the story tell,

Of how that all were sinners born,
Unmeet for joys of home above,
Nor yet for present world of care,
Without atoning Saviour's love.

Conviction found me sad and sore,
Contrition caused me anguish wild,
Acceptance filled my soul with light,
And I became a ransomed child.

Since that eventful trysting day,
No unbelief with me is found ;
But love and hope and peaceful rest,
And holy joy in me abound.

Hope

(Tune Retreat)

HOPE is an anchor, strong and fast,
In life's afflictions often cast;
Sustaining wayworn travellers all,
As struggling on, for help we call.

Hope is a beacon, shining high,
In life's tempestuous, stormy sky;
Revealing ways before unknown,
As on our path its light is thrown.

Hope is a lever, stout and true,
In life's deep sorrows, not a few,
Oft lifting up our weight of cares,
And freeing from entangling snares.

Hope is a tower, a safe retreat,
In daily conquest or defeat;
Shielding our lives from pain and sin,
As we oft run and hide within.

Hope helps us all to bear the load,
Along the ever-changing road,
And saves from falling by the way,
As beams its bright, celestial ray.

Hope, as a guardian angel, stands,
Extending ever-helping hands,
And beckoning on beyond the strife,
And toil, and care of present life.

Hope strengthens arm, and hand, and heart,
And bids us from our fears depart;
Dispels the grief that would control,
And dries the tears and calms the soul.

May radiant gleams of hope abide,
Amid the surging, swelling tide
Of life, in all its stormy ways,
Or peaceful calm and golden days.

And hope of future life on high,
As end of all on earth draws nigh,
Shall fill our minds with true delight —
"At even-tide there shall be light."

Funereal

(Tune: Rest)

THOUGH life prolongs our ebbing day,
And human friendships tell us stay;
Yet we must heed the voice divine,
That calls us bid adieu to time.

When the cold shades of death embrace,
All that is mortal of our race,
The spirit, like a soaring dove,
Enraptured, dwells in home above.

Though lost to vision here below,
In world beyond we all shall know,
And join that joyful saintly throng,
In holy praise, celestial song.

No fleeting months nor cycling years
Shall dim the joy that there appears:
No lapse of present passing time
Can give a luster so sublime.

Let those remaining dry their tears,
And hope dispel all timid fears:
The soul departed is at rest,
In that bright land where all is blest.

We will not think of thee as dead,
But only passing on ahead:
May we abide in perfect peace,
Until our sojourn here shall cease.

I Love

I LOVE the thought that Jesus' blood,
Can wash the deepest stains away,
And full salvation like a flood,
Submerge my soul in endless day.

I love to hear the still small voice,
Proclaim Him ever near my side:
His presence is my richest choice—
O, may He still with me abide.

I love to know I've pardon found:
May I no longer go astray.
Such joy and peace in me abound,
That I rejoice from day to day.

I love to feel that He is near,
When sore temptation round me steals:
From unbelief and doubt and fear,
Atoning blood my pardon seals.

I love, in faith and hope, to bow
In humble prayer at even-tide,
In lisping accents pay my vow,
And in His safe pavilion hide.

I love to stand on higher ground,
With thoughts engaged in things divine;
And drink the bliss that flows around
And feel that heaven and earth entwine.

Passing Away

THE many changes round us show,
That everything on earth must go :
To-day they are, to-morrow not ;
They pass away and are forgot.

Passing away is written here,
On every object far and near ;
The flying cloud, and bending ray
Of setting sun, at close of day.

The fading flower, the running streams,
And waning moon that on us beams :
The melting snow and falling leaf,
All indicate that time is brief.

The whitened locks of men we see,
The palsied hand, the feeble knee,
And changing look of young and old
The same sad story oft has told.

The marble shafts on yonder hill
Show where departed forms are still ;
The new made graves and tolling bell
In other words the story tell.

If that were all, how sad 'twould be—
No future life for you and me :
The joys of earth would lose their charms,
And hope give place to base alarms.

Though health and life may pass away,
And treasured wealth no longer stay,
Sweet peace will fill the mind and heart
Of all who choose the better part.

We mourn our friends' brief transient stay,
As one by one they pass away :
But faith reveals the soul new born,
At dawning resurrection morn.

Passing away is all unknown
Amid the glories of the throne :
No grief to soothe nor tears to dry
In that blest home beyond the sky.

Farewell

Farewell, farewell, a fond farewell
To present passing day ;
Farewell, farewell, anon farewell,
We can no longer stay.

Farewell to pride, ambition, self,
Unholy wish or will ;
Farewell to all that counsels strife,
Or does another ill.

Farewell to all that's base or mean,
In thought or word or act ;
Farewell to all belying truth,
Instead of stating fact.

Farewell to greed of earthly gain,
And shady business deal ;
Farewell to all the devious ways
Some indirectly steal.

Farewell to promises unkept,
To pretence, sham, deceit ;
Farewell to all unfaithfulness,
To frowardness —conceit

Farewell to all we thought to do,
And yet have left undone ;
Farewell to all we sought to do,
And what we may have done.

Farewell to all our treasured stores —
These transitory toys ;
Farewell to friends we love so well,
To greet eternal joys.

Farewell, farewell, again farewell,
We'll come this way no more:
Farewell, farewell, a long farewell,
Adieu for evermore.

'Tis Ever Thus

WHILE somber banks of mist and fog
Surround the lower hills,
A smiling sun, with radiant beams,
The higher region fills.

'Tis ever thus. If we would leave
Our sordid thoughts behind,
And climb the way of noble deeds,
A higher life we'd find.

If we would smile when now we frown,
How changed the world would be:
A smile is like a beam of light,
That causes gloom to flee.

But frowning is a dread disease,
Infectious all the while,
That quickly steals away and hides
When vanquished by a smile.

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